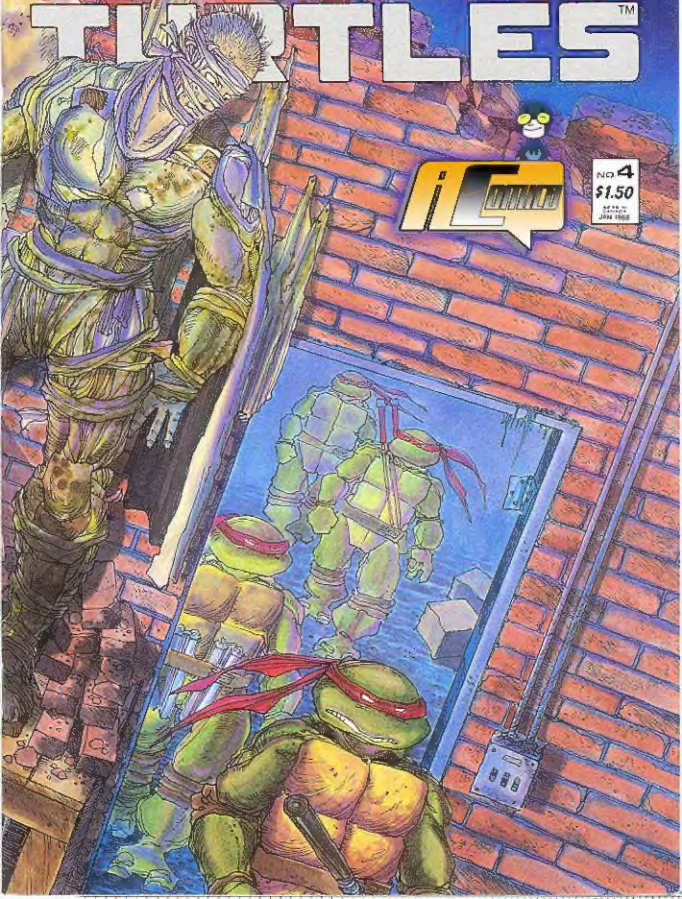


# EASTMAN and LAIRD'S TALES OF THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES™



NO. 4  
\$1.50  
APRIL -  
JUNE 1988



# TUR TLE

## TRACKS

1985: Back in Cleveland I was living on 110th and Lorain Avenue, the west side of town, in a basement efficiency shared by my new found friend and roommate Dan.

Across from us lay a huge expanse of pavement, an entire city block wide, from which, in the distance, one could see the burnt-out shells of cars, their torched black skeletal remains heaped against ramshackle old store houses and sheds. A rusty-brown collapsed chainlink fence ran the length of the property, and gravel and broken bottles littered the area, the bits of glass sparkling in the sun.

I remember the long, hot summer days, hearing blacktop sizzle and looking up to see a veritable wall of heat through which the horizon would dance and wave.

Now it was in this inferno that I had come to the belief that although the heat seemed so invincible and utterly complete, nothing, not even its raging fire, could burn back into the deep, black liquid shadows of the factory. Actually an old Sears warehouse, it stood, an endless concrete fortress, towering abandoned above the streets, above the heat, above us all. Appearing as old as time itself, its blackened windows seemed to seep and ache, tortured by time, staring out into the sun lit world, as eyes hiding a blackened secret, in the depths that echoed behind.

And so it would seem, as we would set out on our front steps, "Master of Puppets" playing on our jam box, in the cool of the moon-bathed evening, that something was stirring in the forgotten recesses of its dark, black womb, awakening to climb its cold passages and stare out into the deepening twilight, stare a warning to each and every one of us to stay away from its factory. Then a chill would run the length of my spine and I'd retreat to the confines of my subterranean hovel.

This very same summer I would have the extreme good fortune to run across Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird. That, a stroke of luck in itself, would change my life forever and signal the beginning of a long and wondrous working relationship which would eventually lead from the home of rock-n-roll and "Howard the Duck" to Massachusetts and more prosperous times. I'm settled now in a quaint little New England town with a steady, rewarding career, all due to two warm-hearted, fanatically generous souls.

But that's not to say that when the wind blows wild and the moon rides high in the night that I don't still feel that chill run the length of my spine. As I peer through the blinds of a new basement apartment I can once again feel those cold dark eyes staring out from within the decrepit old factory rotting in ruin across the street.

Funny; I guess it's like they say, the more things change, the more they stay the same.

### TALES OF THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

VOLUME 1  
NUMBER #4  
FEB 1988

Published by  
MIRAGE STUDIOS  
P.O. Box 417  
Haydenville  
MA 01039

All Contents ©1988  
MIRAGE STUDIOS  
unless otherwise  
noted.


Printed in the United  
States of America by  
WELLESLEY  
PRESS, INC.  
190 Fountain St.  
Framingham, MA 01701

Any similarities be-  
tween the characters,  
names, persons  
and/or institutions in  
this book and any liv-  
ing, dead or fictional  
characters, names,  
persons and/or in-  
stitutions is not in-  
tended and if it exists  
is purely  
coincidental.

### TALES OF THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

(including all promi-  
nent characters  
featured in this issue)  
and the distinctive  
likeness thereof are  
trademarks of  
MIRAGE STUDIOS  
unless otherwise  
noted.





MONSTRUOS.  
REALIDAD O MITO?

POR QUE NUESTRA FASCINACION POR  
ESTAS CRIATURAS NOS PRODUCE  
PESADILLAS?


DECENAS DE SUEÑOS DEMENTES ENGANCHAN  
NUESTRA IMAGINACION CON ESTOS TERRIBLES  
HORRORES

PERO ESTAS ABOMINACIONES SON  
PRODUCTO DE NUESTRO SUBCONCIENTE  
O DE VERDAD CAMINAN AHÍ AFUERA?

DEJENME  
CONTARLES...

ESTO EXCEDE LO POSIBLE. NO PUEDO  
HACER NADA SOBRE LO QUE ME  
CONVERTI...

EL AGUA ME PARTE...



EL MUSGO SE INCRUSTA EN EL HOMBRE  
QUE ALGUNA VEZ FUI

JIM LAWSON  
STORY • PENCILS

RYAN BROWN  
INKS

STEVE LAVIGNE  
LETTERS

# MONSTRUO

AHORA SOY DEMASIADO PARA EL  
PANTANO. DEBO SATISFACER MIS  
NECESIDADES AFUERA



EL SOL TODAVIA ESTA ALTO  
MIENTRAS CAMINO POR ESTAS  
QUINAS

EL DIA SE HACE CORTO  
MIENTRAS HAGO MIS  
RONDAS



NO ES UN TRABAJO, ES UNA  
AVENTURA







¡VENGAN  
VIEJOS!

CHING  
CHING  
CHING

CHING  
CHING



¡MIREN ESTE PAREDÓN! VOY A  
VENIR MAÑANA CON MIS  
AEROSOLÉS!

WOW!

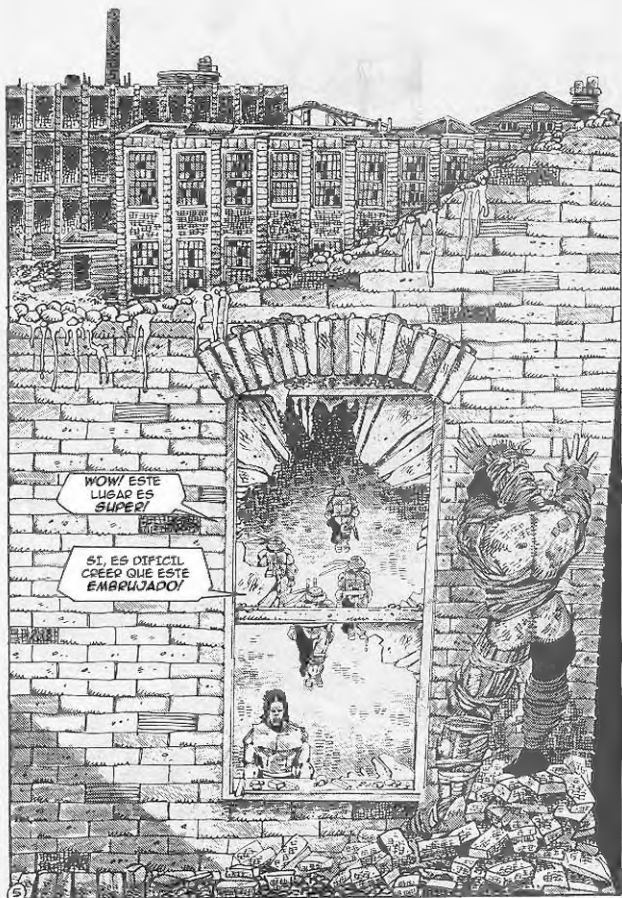


SE VERA  
DESDE LA  
CALLE?



VAMOS! MIREMOS  
POR AHÍ!



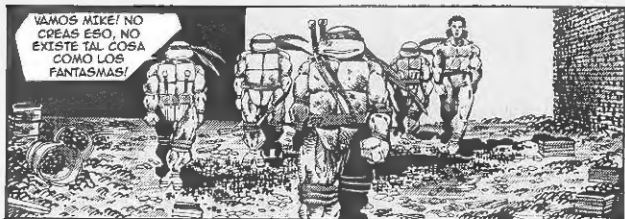


WOW/ ESTE  
LUGAR ES  
SUPER!

SI, ES DIFICIL  
CREEN QUE ESTE  
EMBUJADO!



VAMOS MIKE! NO  
CREAS ESO, NO  
EXISTE TAL COSA  
COMO LOS  
FANTASMAS!



SI, SI, LO SE

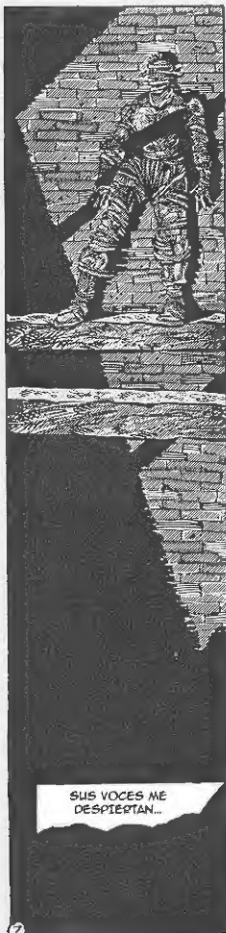


PARTE DE  
MI  
QUIERE  
CREER  
QUE SI  
HAY

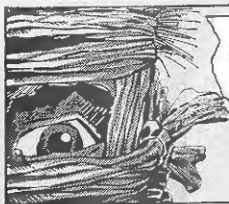


SERIA  
GENIAL  
NO?





SUS VOCES ME  
DESPIERTAN...



DICEN BUSCAR  
FANTASMAS. PERO YO  
SOY UN MONSTRUO,  
QUE UNA VEZ FUE UN  
HOMBRE



EL MOSTRUIO QUE ENCONTRARAN.  
EL QUE CUIDA A LAS RATAS



SUS VOCES DENOTAN  
CONFIANZA Y SON  
PRECAVIDOS

SIENTO SUS OJOS  
ESCAÑEANDO EL  
EDIFICIO

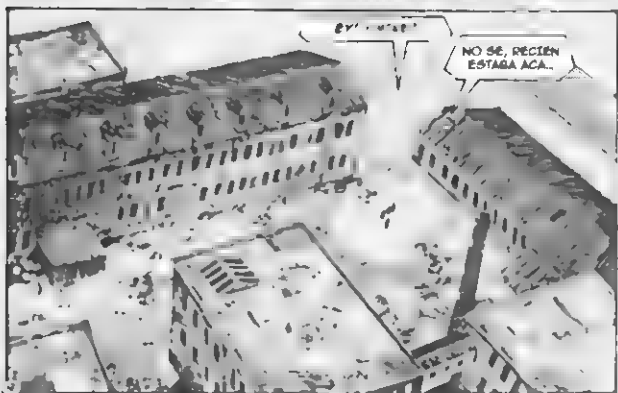


SON MONSTRUOS



QUIZAS VIENEN CON  
LA ESPERANZA DE  
TOMAR MI LUGAR

SON MAS QUE YO  
PERO YO SOY UN  
MONSTRUO, TODOS  
ME TEMEN MENOS LAS







..SOY UN MONSTRUO..

¿DÓNDE VES EL MEN?

¡TAMBIÉN!

**BRRR**

NO ERES UN  
MONSTRUO!

ESTAS  
DISFRA-  
ZADO!

NO!  
COMO TE  
ATREVES!

¡Y SI  
ADIVINASTE LA  
CABEZA... TEN UNA  
SOLA DE MIS  
BAGAS

PERO TENGO  
MUCHO QUE  
HACER

PASARAS LA  
NOCHE AQUI  
REFLEXIONANDO  
SOBRE TU ERROR!

SI SOBREVIVES,  
SEGUIREMOS  
HABLANDO  
MANANA



MIERDA! ESTA  
LOCO!





ESPERO EN LO ALTO

OIGO A LOS OTROS  
MONSTRUOS LLAMANDO  
A SU AMIGO

COMO UN ANIMAL ME  
PRESUNTO COMO LOS  
MATARE

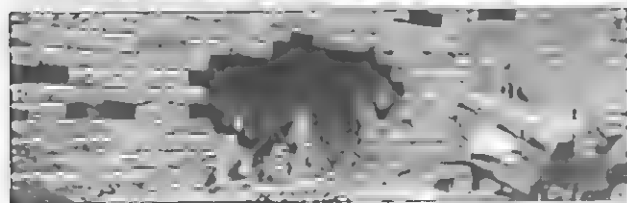
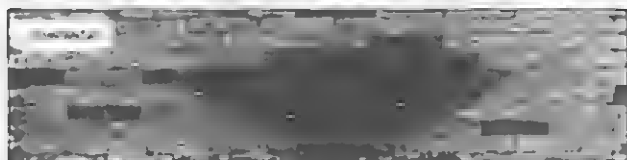
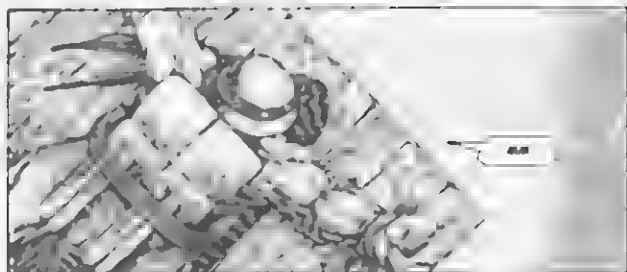
NUNCA MATE A NADIE  
EXCEPTO A LAS RATAS  
ESTO DIFERENCIA DE SER  
UN MONSTRUO A  
CONVERTIRSE EN UNO

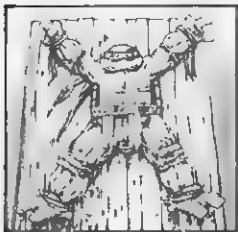
CON OJOS QUE VEN  
TODO VEO AL SOL  
OCULTARSE EN MI  
FABRICA



ABANDONO AL HOMBRE  
Y ME TRANSFORMO EN  
EL MONSTRUO

INSTINTO SOBRE MENTE



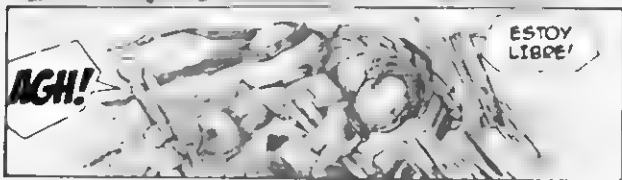


CONCENTRATE .



CONCENTRA TU  
FUERZA

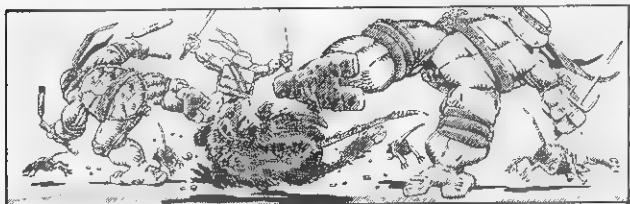


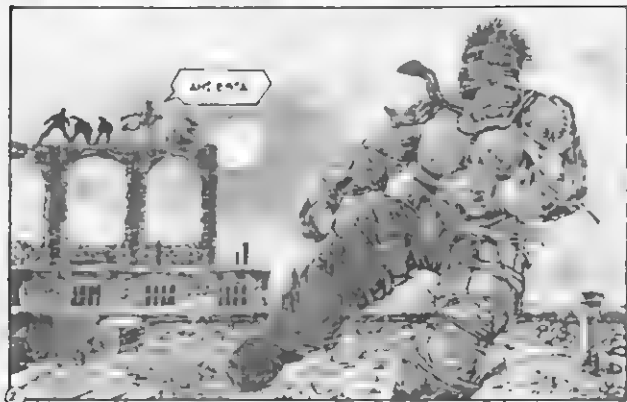


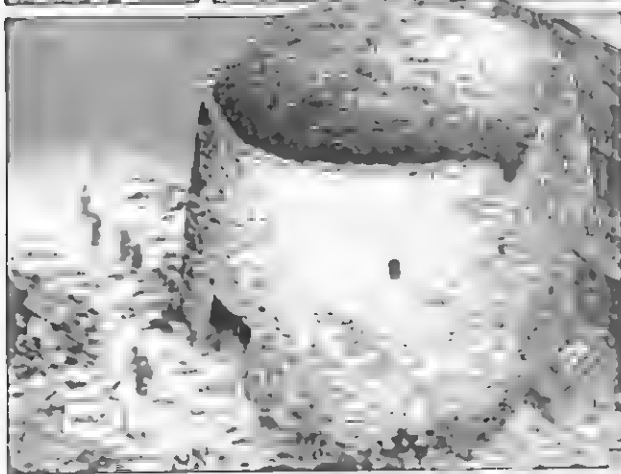
**УЛБА ДАВА ДО!**

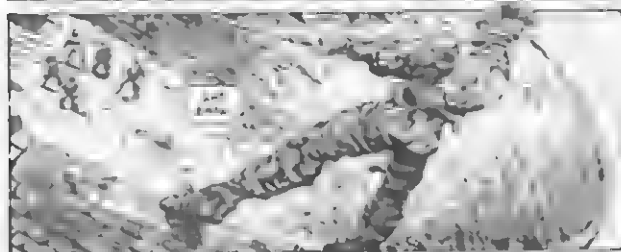


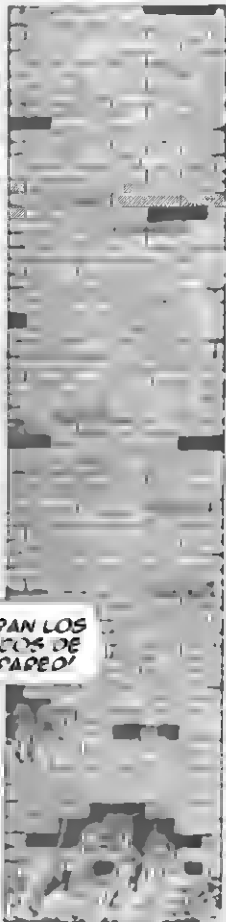


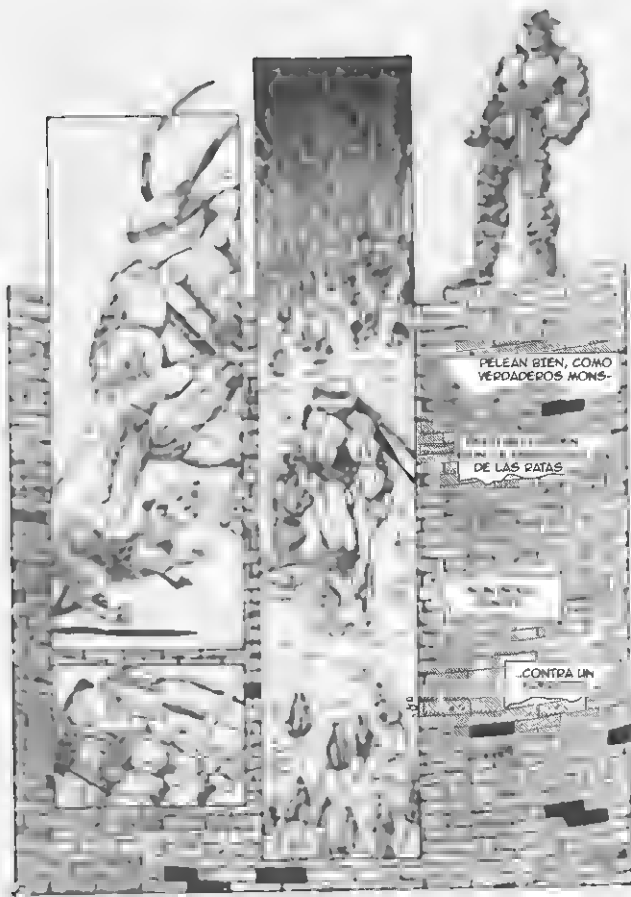








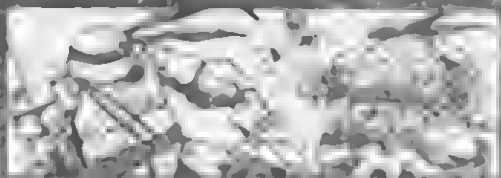




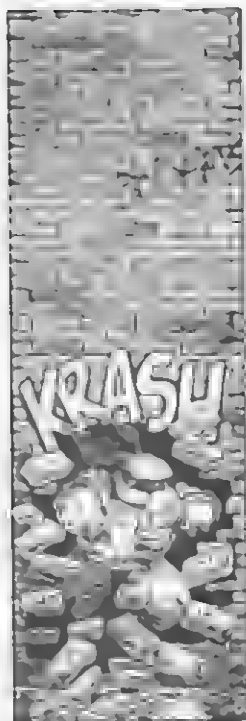
PELEAN BIEN, COMO  
VERDADEROS MONS-

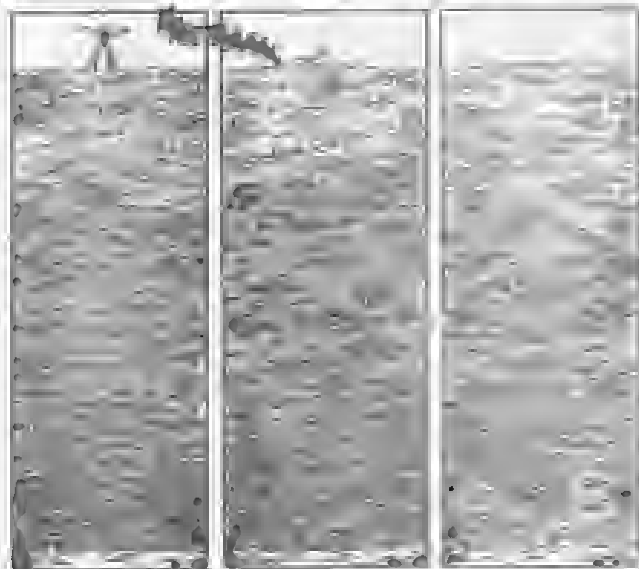
DE LAS RATAS

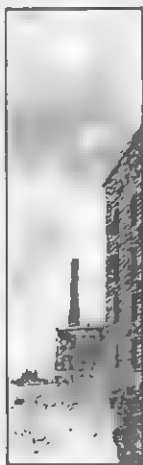
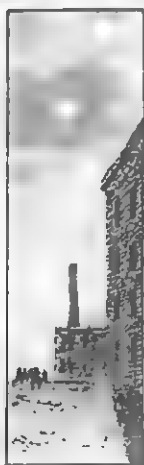
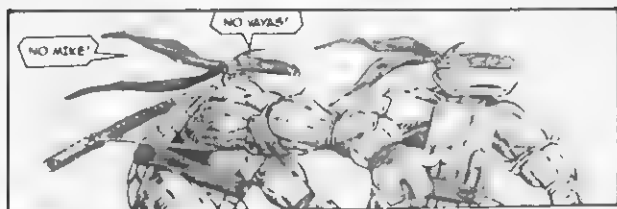
CONTRA UN











YO SOY EL REY RATA

TODOS ME TEMEN

TODOS MENOS LAS  
RATAS



# PIN-UP PAGE



TRAQUAQUETACION:

## PIPOCHOCO

<http://archivo-de-comics.blogspot.com/>

**ELLAS ESTAN LLEGANDO...**

**EL VOLUMEN UNO  
DE LA SERIE DE COMICS  
QUE LE DIO ORIGEN AL MITO**

**LAS TORTUGAS  
NINJA DE KEVIN  
EASTMAN Y  
PETER LAIRD**

**TRADUCIDO Y  
MAQUETADO POR**

**PIPO CHOCO**

**PARA...**

**ARCHIVO DE  
COMICS**



**Archie.**  
comic

Nº 2    Precio A  
20.000.-



**LAS AVENTURAS DE LAS**

# **TORTUGAS** **NINJA**

**LA SAGA DE COMICS DE LAS TORTUGAS**  
**NINJAS QUE NUNCA ESPERASTE ENCONTRAR**  
**DERIVADA DE SU RECORDADA SERIE ANIMADA**  
**LAS AVENTURAS DE LAS**  
**TORTUGAS NINJAS**

**ESCAÑEADO POR TED KORD**

**PARA...**

**ARCHIVO DE**  
**COMICS**



# ARCHIVO DE COMICS



TED KORD



MOON WIZARD



YWING



JONNISS



ALAN SCOTT



PIPOCHOCO



TERRA MAN



JED COOPER



2020 ADM



WEKASU



BLACK BEETLE



NIEDRA VENENOSA



JOSH



EMULATION



LEOX



GUILLE 2099



NIPTHIR SUR



LUCAS COSTA

Un lugar lleno de amigos

<http://archivo-de-comics.blogspot.com.ar/>



